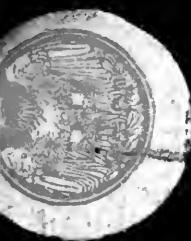


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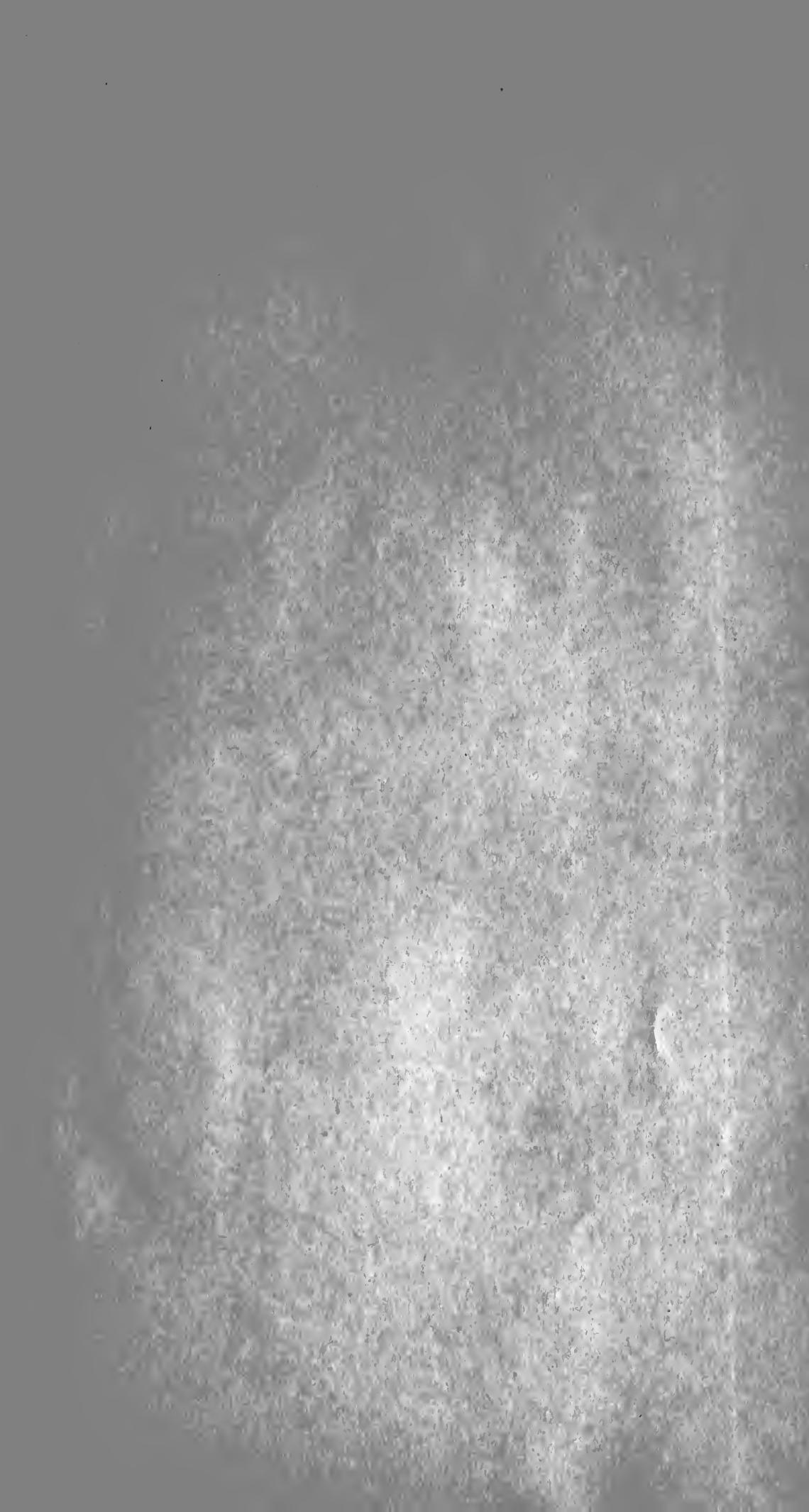


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TO
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TO MY PAL

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WALLACE and FRANCES RICE

DECORATIONS

BY

ELIZABETH IVINS JONES



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To My Pal

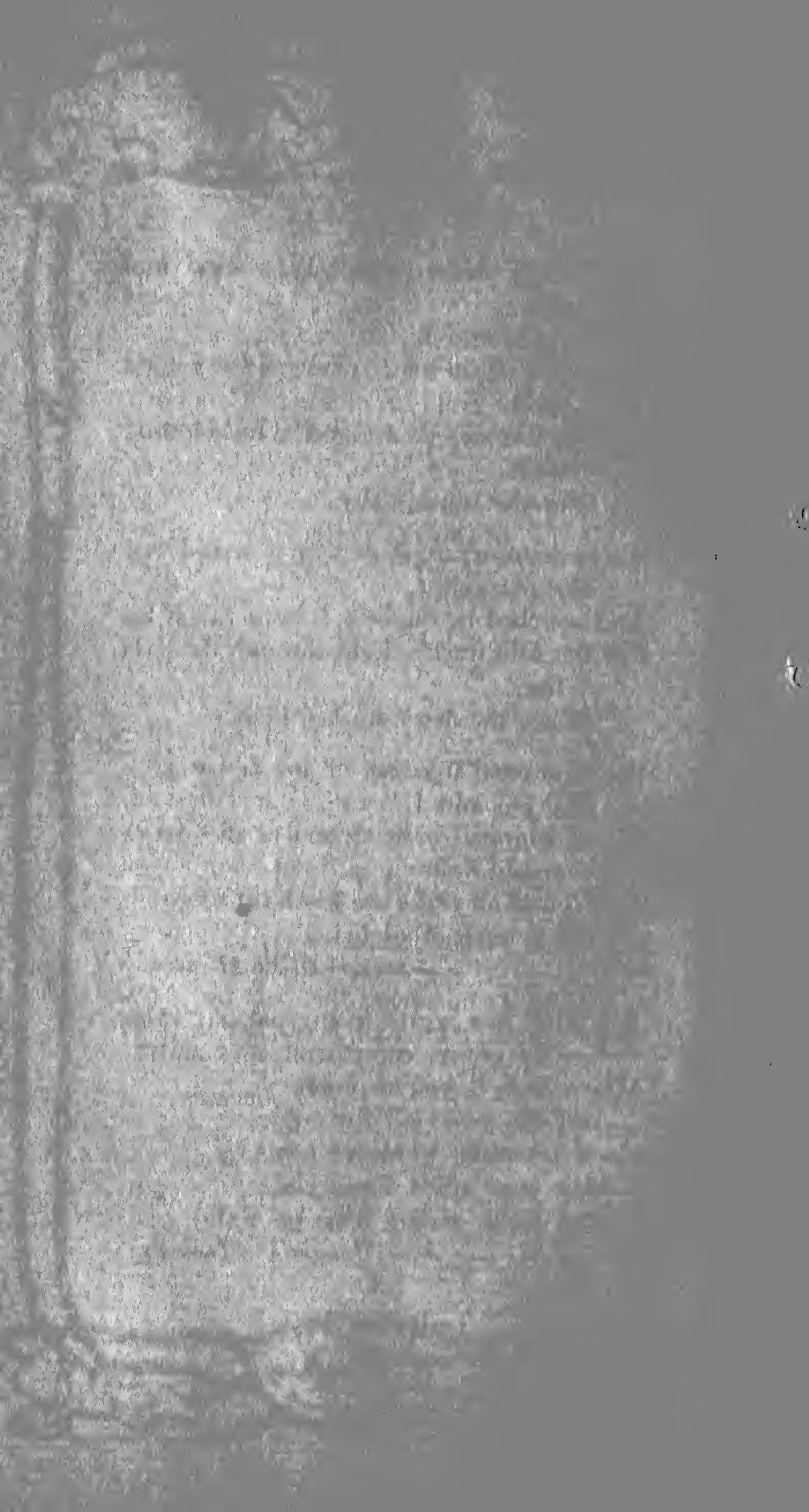
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To My Pal

LET this be said of comrades. Grounded deep in love and rooted in unselfishness and true affection, our regard for them and theirs for us makes doubly fair the beauties of this our earth. The sympathy we gain from them urges us to the gentler life. Within their hearts our better memory is sacred, and our deeds appraised with justice, tempered by understanding. Unto them we yield the wearisome perplexities of daily living for encouragement, solution, and the strength to bear our burdens with good spirits and without despair. They share our joys as well, and to our happiest hours bring greater happiness. Were all the world alive with loving-kindness, as are they, halving our sorrows, doubling every gladness, no longer should we, troubled and forlorn, live out our days, but go rejoicing on, with every day inspired by comradeship.

—Wallace Rice.



To My Pal

TO MY PAL

WE'VE ridden together in wind and rain,

 My pal and I,
When the storm-king ruled on the rolling plain

And the torn clouds romped in his whirling train,

 O'er the smitten sky.

We've tramped together with gun and dog,

 My pal and I,
And watched in the rain from a fallen log
For the wild duck's flight through the river fog,

 When the dawn flushed high.

We've supped together of joy and woe,

 My pal and I,
We've whipped life's stream as the stream would flow

And found all trails are less hard to go

 With each other by.

—*Joseph Mills Hanson.*

HERE'S a health to my pal, my chum,
 My crony, companion, and mate!

May sorrow to you be dumb,

 And the years all fortunate!

Good comrade, whatever come,

 May your spirit stand elate

 And smile at the fling of Fate!

—*Alexander Maclean.*

To My Pal

A PAL is the chap you spree with in the winter, and camp with in summer—the one you tell your pet schemes and your best girl's perfections, or, if you are married, the faults of your wife, at the hour when in all marital conscience your head ought to be on the pillow beside hers. If he lends you money when you need it, or helps your work when you are worn out, or comes to see you when you are ill, he ceases to be a Pal and becomes—that rarest of mankind!—a Friend.

—*H. C. Chatfield-Taylor.*

I HAVE a friend, a man of many friends, himself witty, wise, and eminent. I honor and respect him for these and for many other qualities; and there is no safer and surer basis for enduring affection than such esteem. But most of all, because most characteristic, do I love him for what he once described as "the desire to form the habit of good impulses." Could friendship ask for anything better?—*Christopher Bannister.*

I DON'T want no kind of angel with a lot of fluffy wings,
And a golden harp and halo, and them other signs o' wealth;
I jes' want the kind o' woman that jes' smiles and loves and sings:
And I've got her—may God bless her!—here's her everlastin' health!

—*Alexander Maclean.*

To My Pal

HOW far two girls may go together! Loving life as we love each other, through hours of grief and months of gladness, my pal and I have tramped a long, bright way. We have followed our hearts past many an old landmark, made new paths far from the open road, paused at Gethsemane, danced into Arcady, tiptoed toward the whisperings of far-off gods, and—oftenest of all—we have plodded blindly forward, led by the chaotic cries of the world. We are frequently foolish, and sometimes wise, my pal and I: playing, working, and telling our dreams, whether they are silly little illusions or glorious visions—which we, at least, always understand. It is June to-day: when will winter find us? —*Rena Albertyn Smith.*

FRIENDSHIPS should be formed with persons of all ages and conditions, and with both sexes. It is a great happiness to form a single sincere friendship with a woman; compatible with the most perfect innocence, and a source of the highest possible delight to those who are fortunate enough to form it. —*Sydney Smith.*

WE love our mothers otherwise than we love our fathers; a sister is not as a brother to us; and friendship between man and woman, be it never so unalloyed and innocent, is not the same as friendship between man and man. —*Stevenson.*

To My Pal

AS, at a railway junction, men
Who came together, taking then
One train up, one down, again

Meet never! Ah, much more as they
Who take one street's two sides, and say
Hard parting words, but walk one way:

Though moving other mates between,
While carts and coaches intervene,
Each to the other goes unseen;

Yet seldom, surely, shall there lack
Knowledge they walk not back to back,
But with a unity of track,

Where common dangers each attend,
And common hopes their guidance lend
To light them to the self-same end.

Whether he then shall cross to thee,
Or thou go thither, or it be
Some midway point, yet ye shall see

Each other, yet again shall meet.
Ah, joy! when with the closing street,
Forgivingly at last ye greet!

—*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

IT is well that there is no one without a
fault; for he would not have a friend in
the world. He would seem to belong to a
different species. —*William Hazlitt.*

To My Pal

COME Micky and Molly and dainty
Dolly,

Come Betty and blithesome Bill;
Ye gossips and neighbors, away with your
labors!

Come to the top of the hill.
For there are Jenny and jovial Joe;
Jolly and jolly, jolly they go,
Jogging over the hill.

By apple and berry, 'tis twelve months merry
Since Jenny and Joe were wed!

And never a bother or quarrelsome pother
To trouble the board or bed.

So Joe and Jenny are off to Dunmow;
Happy and happy, happy they go,
Young and rosy and red.

Oh, Jenny's as pretty as doves in a ditty;
And Jenny, her eyes are black;
And Joey's a fellow as merry and mellow
As ever shouldered a sack.

So quick, good people, and come to the show!
Merry and merry, merry they go,
Bumping on Dobbin's back.

They've pranked up Dobbin with ribands
and bobbin,

And tethered his tail in a string!

The fat flitch of bacon is not to be taken
By many that wear the ring!

Good luck, good luck, to Jenny and Joe!
Jolly and jolly, jolly they go.

Hark, how merry they sing

To My Pal

'O merry, merry, merry are we
Happy as birds that sing in a tree!
All of the neighbors are merry to-day,
Merry are we and merry are they.
O merry are we! for love, you see,
Fetters a heart and sets it free.

'O happy, happy, happy is life
For Joe (that's me) and Jenny my wife!
All of the neighbors are happy, and say—
"Never were folk so happy as they!"
O happy are we! for love, you see,
Fetters a heart and sets it free.

'O jolly, jolly, jolly we go,
I and my Jenny, and she and her Joe.
All of the neighbors are jolly, and sing—
"She is a queen, and he is a king!"
O jolly are we! for love, you see,
Fetters a heart and sets it free.'

—James Carnegie.

IF you can imagine a dinner without salt, a meal where bread, meat, vegetables are all equally vapid and tasteless, you can also imagine what life is without a pal!

—Ernest L. Valentine.

APAL is the meat in the sandwich of life, and, if you are lucky enough to have a girl for pal, both meat and mustard.

—Ernest L. Valentine.

My Pal

I KNOW a thing that's most uncommon
(Envy, be silent and attend!) ;
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warped by passion, awed by rumor;
Not grave through pride, nor gay through
folly;
An equal mixture of good-humor
And sensible soft melancholy.

'Has she no faults then (Envy says), sir?'
Yes, she has one, I must aver:
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

—*Alexander Pope.*

SONG have I known, and women and
wine;
Laughter and pleasure, long were they
mine;
Days filled with sunshine, nights without
end:
Give me, for comfort, a good woman friend!

Often I sought and often I found
Joy and delight and mirth without bound;
These have I known, all these have I passed:
Seeking a good woman's friendship at last.

Pleasure is fickle, Mirth is a jade,
Love is the jest of some jilting maid:
Happiness lasts—what use to pretend?—
Safe in the heart of a true woman friend.

To My Pal

Merriment's fleeting—its cup must spill;
Laughter is lovely, smiles fairer still:
Sympathy brings a comrade complete,
Friendship, like yours, life's last and best
sweet.

Take all the rest, the laughter, the kiss—
These have I loved, yet these I'll not miss;
Leave the affection years cannot scathe:
Friendship, a woman's, as holy as faith.

Fair is the spring and summer twice dear,
Yet autumn brings the crown of my year!
Keep for me warmth in winter, and take
Comradeship, friendship, for happiness'
sake! —*John Jarvis Holden.*

GIVE freely to the friend thou hast;
Unto thyself thou givest:
On barren soil thou canst not cast,
For by his life thou livest.

Nay, this alone doth trouble me—
That I should still be giving
Through him unto myself, when he
Is love within me living.

I fain would give to him alone,
Nor let him guess the giver;
Like dews that drop on hills unknown
To feed a lordly river.

—John Addington Symonds.

To My Pal

IN the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,

May my fate no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow-chair will afford for reclining,

And a cot that o'erlooks the wild sea;
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,

While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn

Look forward with hope for To-Morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot
be completely

Secured by a neighboring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly

By the sound of a murmuring rill:
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,

With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,

With my friends may I share what To-Day may afford,

And let them spread the table To-Morrow.

—John Collins.

MY friend, my chum, my trusty crony!
We are designed, it seems to me,
To be two happy lazzaroni,
On sunshine fed, and macaroni,
Far off by some Sicilian sea.

To My Pal

From dawn to eve in the happy land,
 No duty on us but to lie
Straw-hatted on the shining sand,
With bronzing chest and arm and hand,
 Beneath the blue Italian sky.

There, with the mountains idly glassing
 Their purple splendors in the sea—
To watch the white-winged vessels passing
(Fortunes for busier fools amassing),
 This were a heaven for you and me.

Our meerschaums coloring cloudy brown,
 Two young girls coloring with a blush,
The blue waves with a silver crown,
The mountain shadows dropping down,
 And all the air in perfect hush.

Thus should we lie in the happy land,
 Nor fame, nor power, nor fortune miss;
Straw-hatted on the shining sand,
With bronzing chest and arm and hand—
 Two loafers couched in perfect bliss.

—*Charles Graham Halpine.*

TO-NIGHT, grave sir, both my poor
house and I
Do equally desire your company:
Not that we think us worthy such a guest,
But that your worth will dignify our feast,
With those that come; whose grace may
make that seem
Something, which else would hope for no
esteem.

—*Ben Jonson.*

To My Pal

OVER the pipe the Angel of Conversation

Loosens with glee the tassels of his purse,
And, in a fine spiritual exaltation,

Hastens, a rosy spendthrift, to disburse
The coins new minted of imagination.

An amiable, a delicate animation

Informs our thought, and earnest we rehearse

The sweet old farce of mutual admiration
Over a pipe.

Heard in this hour's delicious divagation

How soft the song! the epigram how terse!
With what a genius for administration

We rearrange the rumbling universe,
And map the course of man's regeneration

Over a pipe.

—*William Ernest Henley.*

WE walked about saying nothing—because we were friends, and talking spoils good tobacco.—*Rudyard Kipling.*

WHEN with an old friend
I talk of our youth—
How 'twas gladsome, but often
Foolish, forsooth:
But gladsome, gladsome!

Then we go smoking,
Silent and smug:

To My Pal

Naught passes between us,
Save a brown jug—
Sometimes!

And sometimes a tear
Will rise in each eye,
Seeing the two old friends
So merrily—
So merrily!

Thus, then, live I
Till, 'mid all the gloom,
By Heaven! the bold sun
Is with me in the room
Shining, shining!

—*Edward Fitzgerald.*

WITH an honest old friend and a merry
old song,
And a flash of old port, let me sit the night
long,
And laugh at the malice of those who repine
That they must swig porter while I can
drink wine.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and
gay,
Let's merrily pass life's remainder away;
Upheld by our friends, we our foes may
despise,
For the more we are envied, the higher we
rise. —*Henry Carey.*

To My Pal

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

—*Robert Burns.*

THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed,'
So, fourteen years ago, I said—
Behold another ring!—'For what?'
'To wed thee o'er again—why not?'

With that first ring I married Youth,
Grace, Beauty, Innocence, and Truth;
Taste long admired, sense long revered,
And all my Molly then appeared.

If she, by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the women I supposed,
I plead that double merit now
To justify a double vow.

To My Pal

To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
A token and a pledge I bring:
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart.

For why?—They show me every hour,
Honor's high thought, affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence,
And teach me all things—but repentance.

—*Samuel Bishop.*

FOR woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow:
The man be more of woman, she of man:
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music set to noble words:
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers.
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-Be.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

To My Pal

THE half-seen memories of childish days,
When pains and pleasures lightly
came and went;
The sympathies of boyhood rashly spent
In fearful wanderings through forbidden
ways;
The vague, but manly wish to tread the
maze
Of life to noble ends,—whereon intent,
Asking to know for what man here is
sent,
The bravest heart must often pause, and
gaze;
The firm resolve to seek the chosen end
Of manhood's judgment, cautious and
mature—
Each of these viewless bonds binds friend
to friend
With strength no selfish purpose can se-
cure:
My happy lot is this, that all attend
That friendship which first came, and which
shall last endure.

—*Aubrey Thomas Devere.*

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,

To My Pal

Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

—*James Hogg.*

TO live within a cave—it is most good;
 But, if God make a day,
 And some one come, and say,
‘Lo, I have gathered fagots in the wood!’
 E’en let him stay,
And light a fire, and fan a temporal mood!

So sit till morning! when the light is grown
 That he the path can read,
 Then bid the man God-speed!
His morning is not thine: yet must thou
 own
They have a cheerful warmth—those ashes
 on the stone.

—*Thomas Edward Brown.*

To My Pal

I SAW her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warm, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

—William Wordsworth.

HOW life behind its accidents
Stands strong and self-sustaining,
The human fact transcending all
The losing and the gaining.

And if the husband or the wife
In home's strong light discovers
Such slight defaults as failed to meet
The blinded eyes of lovers,

To My Pal

Why need we care to ask? Who dreams
Without their thorns of roses,
Or wonders that the truest steel
The readiest spark discloses?

For still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living;
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

MARRIAGE is like life in this—that it is a field of battle, and not a bed of roses.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

AS through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
We fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love,
And kiss again with tears!

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

To My Pal

O LAY thy hand in mine, dear!
We're growing old;
But Time hath brought no sign, dear,
That hearts grow cold.
'Tis long, long since our new love
Made life divine;
But age enricheth true love,
Like noble wine.

And lay thy cheek to mine, dear,
And take thy rest;
Mine arms around thee twine, dear,
And make thy nest.
A many cares are pressing
On this dear head;
But Sorrow's hands in blessing
Are surely laid.

O, lean thy life on mine, dear!
'Twill shelter thee.
Thou wert a winsome vine, dear,
On my young tree:
And so, till boughs are leafless,
And song-birds flown,
We'll twine, then lay us, griefless,
Together down.

—*Gerald Massey.*

DARBY dear, we are old and grey,
Fifty years since our wedding day,
Shadow and sun for every one

Jo My Pal

As the years roll on;
Darby dear, when the world went wry,
Hard and sorrowful then was I—
Ah! lad, how you cheered me then,
‘Things will be better, sweet wife, again!’
Always the same, Darby my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.

Hand in hand when our life was May,
Hand in hand when our hair is grey,
Shadow and sun for every one
As the years roll on;
Hand in hand when the long night-tide
Gently covers us side by side—
Ah! lad, though we know not when,
Love will be with us for ever then:
Always the same, Darby my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.

—*Frederic Edward Weatherly.*

THE faults of married people continually spur up each of them, hour by hour, to do better and to meet and love upon a higher ground. And ever, between the failures, there will come glimpses of kind virtues to encourage and console.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

A MIND that thinks no honest friendship is possible between man and woman is tainted with dishonor.

—*Ernest L. Valentine.*

To My Pal

THESE long days measured by my little
feet

Had chronicles which yield me many a
text;

Where irony still finds an image meet

Of full-grown judgments in this world
perplexed.

One day my brother left me in high charge,
To mind the rod, while he went seeking
bait,

And bade me, when I saw a nearing barge,
Snatch out the line, lest he should come
too late.

Proud of the task, I watched with all my
might

For one whole minute, till my eyes grew
wide,

Till sky and earth took on a strange new
light

And seemed a dream-world floating on
some tide—

A fair pavilioned boat for me alone

Bearing me onward through the vast un-
known.

But sudden came the barge's pitch-black
prow,

Nearer and angrier came my brother's
cry,

And all my soul was quivering fear, when
lo!

Upon the imperiled line, suspended high,

To My Pal

A silver perch! My guilt that won the prey,

Now turned to merit, had a guerdon rich
Of hugs and praises, and made merry play,
Until my triumph reached its highest
pitch

When all at home were told the wondrous
feat,

And how the little sister had fished well.
In secret, though my fortune tasted sweet,
I wondered why this happiness befell.
'The little lass had luck,' the gardener said:
And so I learned, luck was with glory wed.

We had the selfsame world enlarged for
each

By loving difference of girl and boy:
The fruit that hung on high beyond my
reach

He plucked for me, and oft he must em-
ploy

A measuring glance to guide my tiny shoe
Where lay firm stepping-stones, or call
to mind:

'This thing I like my sister may not do,
For she is little, and I must be kind.'

Thus boyish will the nobler impulse learned
Where inward vision over impulse reigns,
Widening its life with separate life dis-
cerned,

A like unlike, a self that self-restrains.
His years with others must the sweeter be
For those brief days he spent in loving me.

To My Pal

School parted us; we never found again
That childish world where our two spirits
mingled
Like scents from varying roses that remain
One sweetness, nor can evermore be
singled.
Yet the twin habit of that early time
Lingered for long about the heart and
tongue:
We had been natives of one happy clime,
And its dear accent to our utterance
clung.
Till the dire years whose awful name is
Change
Had grasped our souls still yearning in
divorce,
And pitiless shaped them in two forms that
range—
Two elements which sever their life's
course.
But were another childhood-world my share,
I would be born a little sister there.

—George Eliot.

THHERE is no friend like a sister,
In calm or stormy weather,
To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down.
To strengthen whilst one stands.

—Christina Georgina Rossetti.

To My Pal

WITH this sweet, slender girl there is
surcease

Of sorrow, and upon her gentle voice
Great comfort ever. Would I grieve, new
lease

Of cheer from her constrains me to re-
joice.

Serene, she leaves my sorrowing caprice;

For, knowing grief, she makes so wise a
choice

That on her lips and in her glance is
peace,

Dismissing there life's crosses and annoys.

Far younger she than I, yet has she taught

Me wisdom; nay, she teaches every day
That little things deserve but little thought,

Less worry, lest some great thing go
astray.

So march the quickened hours refreshed
and bright:

My one small sister—my one great delight!

When I am gone, and of my joy and woe

Nothing at all remains, except perchance
These little verses, may who reads them
know

That Heaven to me man's final blessing
grants:

Worn and weary, I love and cherish one

To whom the tendrils of my heart go out,
Of nights my guiding-star, each morn my
sun,

To My Pal

Pointing to hope, dispelling clouds of
doubt;
And she, inevitably, simply good,
Unmurmuring, and quick with gentle
glee,
Loves me, unworthy; with her youthful
blood
Dissolves my cares and ever strengthens
me.
Which is the heavenlier I cannot tell,
That she loves me, or I love her so well.

—*Wallace Rice.*

A SISTER is a sort of sweetheart who doesn't require attention; a kind of housekeeper you can't fall in love with; an agreeable spinster you can't marry. In short, a sister is as nice as—well, as somebody else's wife, without being dangerous.

—*T. W. Robertson.*

DEARER than honors won or knowledge gained in college, is the memory of the comrades I had there—little more than a memory now, because I seldom see the pals of my old days. For four years the chaps at college broadened my heart as much as the faculty sought to broaden my intellect; but each June there came partings, all with "Remember!" and then no more of their firm handclasps and jolly voices. Too busy in the workaday world to hunt them up, too

To My Pal

busy for class reunions, too busy to write; yet many a time when I see my college colors on the sky, I remember my old pals. And sometimes I try to sing the brave college songs, but I can't put much zest into the words without my old comrades to sing with me, and my voice trails off into a lonesome silence. —*Roscoe Scott.*

OLD friend of mine, you were dear to my heart,

Long, long ago, long ago.

Little did we think of a time we should part.

Long, long ago, long ago.

Hand clasped in hand through the world we would go.

Down our old untrodden path the wild weeds grow!

Great was the love 'twixt us; bitter was the smart:

Old friend of mine long ago.

Oft I muse at the shadowy nightfall

Over the dear Long Ago,

Borne on tears arises the dark, dark pall,

Fallen on my heart long ago.

Love is not dead, though we wander apart;
How I could clasp you, old friend, to my heart!

Barriers lie between us, but God knoweth all,

Old friend of mine long ago.

—*Gerald Massey.*

To My Pal

BROTHER of mine, and more than
brother, friend,
Companion, comrade through long happy
days,
Only, years after, do I comprehend
The love that lighted all my little ways:
How patiently you guided my young life
Straight to the soul of bird and beast and
wood,
Taught me their secret loves and sylvan
strife,
A world in little, till I understood!
How warnings 'gainst the larger world you
knew,
Dictated by affection, saved my feet
From stumbling, until I, still following you,
Sought the high goal beyond the mart
and street!
The all I am, the more I fain would be
Are yours, my brother, dearest friend to me.

—Christopher Bannister.

IT is a half-blind life a boy leads who has
not the wit to make a pal of his sister. Soon or late it will dawn upon him that she is the only boy's sister he knows that does not live for his bewilderment and mystification. But, if he have the good sense to have her as his good comrade and sure ally, there is no net spun nor witchery spelled by other boys' sisters that she cannot give him the secret of with one glance of her level eyes.

Jo My Pal

WHAT means my friend to me?
Kindness and courtesy:
Courteous and kind is he.

What means my friend to me?
High generosity:
Generous of self is he.

What means my friend to me?
All love and amity:
Friendship's own self is he.

What means my friend to me?
Chief of all, loyalty.
Constant and true is he.

And what mean I to him?
Worthiness, to the brim,
God willing, till life dim.

—Christopher Bannister.

READING ends in melancholy!
Wine breeds vices and diseases!
Wealth's but a care, and Love but folly!
Only Friendship truly pleases!
My wealth, my books, my flask, my Molly,
Farewell all, if Friendship ceases!

—Matthew Prior.

THERE are a few things sweeter in this
world than the guileless, hot-headed, in-
temperate, open admiration of a junior.

—Rudyard Kipling.

To My Pal

A PAL is one with whom I may be myself, therefore one with whom I may be true. If speaking the intrinsic truth with him leads to error, it has its rise, not in our comradeship, nor in the truth, but in myself. Our relationship demands that I should find a fault in myself before I seek it in my pal. —*Rena Albertyn Smith.*

THE millioned city cannot be to me
The busy streets that reach for many
a mile,
Nor all the toil and trade, the gold and
guile,
And fond ambitions, baffled or set free;
Nor yet the marts and fanes where destiny
Is working out salvation, where enisle
The visioned beauties that leave earth
a-smile:
Sweeter and deeper lies the town I see.

It lives enhallowed in some blessed friend
Whose loving look meets mine before 'tis
gone.
In some chance meeting when affection
shone;
Enshrined in rooms whose merry memories
lend
Joy to my happier self; and on, and on,
Till friendship lights the town from end
to end!

—*Wallace Rice.*

To My Pal

A N idle noon, a bubbling spring,
A sea in the pine-tops murmuring;

A scrap of gossip at the ferry;
A comrade neither glum or merry,

Asking nothing, revealing naught,
But minting his words from a fund of
thought;

A keeper of silence eloquent,
Needy, yet royally well content,

Of the mettled breed, yet abhorring strife,
And full of the mellow juice of life,

A taster of wine, with an eye for a maid,
Never too bold, and never afraid,

Never heart-whole, never heart-sick
(These are the things I worship in Dick),

No fidget and no reformer, just
A calm observer of ought and must,

A lover of books, but a reader of man,
No cynic and no charlatan,

Who never defers and never demands,
But, smiling, takes the world in his hands—

Seeing it good as when God first saw
And gave the weight of His will for law.

—*Bliss Carman.*

To My Pal

COME, our old mate, come back to us again;

Too long, too long you linger in the town!
The hazel-nuts are slipping in the lane,
And in the holt the chestnut-burrs are brown:
Come, our old mate, both old and young complain!

We tapped a cask of cider yesterday;
To-morrow we shall thrash the walnut tree.
O, we will feast you, if you come this way,
On pies and cakes, and cream and frumenty;
And give you all our shares
Of luscious Harvest plums and William pears.

We never had such apples here before,
And plumper, sweeter filberts never grew;
And on the grape-vine by the garden door
There still is left a goodly bunch or two:
Come, our old mate, for you is all our store!
For you the medlars soften, one by one,
And frequently on fresh, clean straw are laid;
For you the bottled gooseberries are done,
And currant wine and damson cheese are made:
We will not think it true
That country sweets are no more sweet to you!

—Charles Dalmon.

A HAPPY bit hame this auld world would be

To My Pal

If men, when they're here, could make shift
to agree,
An' ilk said to his neebor, in cottage an'
ha',
'Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are breth-
ren a'.'

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make a' body cosie an'
right,
When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best way
ava,
To say, 'Gi'e me your hand,—we are breth-
ren a'.'

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be
fine,
And I maun drink water, while you may
drink wine;
But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to
shaw:
Sae gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu'
deride;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on
your side;
Sae would I, an' naught else would I value
a straw:
Then gi'e me your hand,—we are breth-
ren a'.

To My Pal

YOUR soul, that for years I have counted
An open book, read to the end,
Is lettered all strange, since a lover
Looks out from the eyes of a friend;
The white pages now are turned rosy,
The chapters are numbered anew,
The old plot is lost, and the hero,
Who, up to last night, was just you—

Just dear old friend Jack, and no other,
To-night is a stranger, I vow;
And though I am fain to be gracious,
The truth is, I hardly know how:
Where now is your celibate gospel?
What now of love's follies and faults?
Refuted last night when your lips, sir,
Chasséed o'er my cheek in the waltz!

Life-faith we swore, friendly fraternal
To keep it—ah me, half a year!—
And I, Chloris now to your Strephon,
Accept my new rôle with a tear—
A tear for the dear old days ended,
A tear for the friend lost for ay,
For careless old comradeship fleeing
For ever before love to-day.

Dear, read me aright! Though words falter
And lips prove but dumb, your heart
hears;
The Jack of to-day I love truly—
Yet oh, for the Jack of old years!

—Minnie Gilmore.

To My Pal

REAL, substantial, enduring comradeship is possible between man and woman: it is only the blunderers—those who try to avoid sex in such a relationship and find themselves enmeshed before they are aware—that doubt its possibility.

—Rena Albertyn Smith.

WHEN you go away, my friend,
When you say your last good-bye,
Then the summer time will end
And the winter will be nigh.

Though the green grass decks the heather
And the birds sing all the day,
There will be no summer weather
After you have gone away.

You will feel a moment's sorrow;
I shall feel a lasting grief;
You, forgetting on the morrow;
I, to mourn with no relief.

When we say the last sad word
And you are no longer near,
And the winds and all the birds
Cannot keep the summer here,

Life will lose its full completeness—
Lose it not for you, but me;
All the beauty and the sweetness
Each can hold, I shall not see.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

To My Pal

AMONG the men and women the multitude,
I perceive one picking me out by secret and divine signs,
Acknowledging none else, not parent, wife, husband, brother, child, any nearer than I am,
Some are baffled, but that one is not—that one knows me.

—Walt Whitman.

BARNEY McGEE, there's no end of good luck in you,
Will-o'-the-wisp, with a flicker of Puck in you,
Wild as bull-pup, and all of his pluck in you—
Let a man tread on your coat and he'll see!
Eyes like the lakes of Killarney for clarity,
Nose that turns up without any vulgarity,
Smile like a cherub, and hair that is car-rotty—
Whoop, you're a rarity, Barney McGee!
Mellow as tarragon,
Prouder than Aragon—
Hardly a paragon,
You will agree—
Here's all that's fine to you!
Books and old wine to you!
Girls be divine to you,
Barney McGee!

To My Pal

You that were ever alert to befriend a man,
You who were ever the first to defend a man,
You had always the money to lend a man,
Down on his luck and hard up for a V!
Sure, you'll be playing a harp in beatitude
(And a quare sight you will be in that attitude)—

Some day, where gratitude seems but a platitude,

You'll find your latitude, Barney McGee.
That's no flimflam at all,
Frivol or sham at all,
Just the plain—damn it all,
Have one with me!

Here's one and more to you!
Friends by the score to you,
True to the core to you,
Barney McGee!

—Richard Hovey.

PALS are the mayonnaise on the salad of the hours, the dressing of the turkey of the months, and the sauce for the pudding of the years. —Ernest L. Valentine.

A FRIEND loveth at all times.
—Proverbs of Solomon.

I DON'T know much about Bohemia, the land of song and wine; but I know that when I am with my pal, there's wine in my blood and song in my heart.

To My Pal

LITTLE girl of Long Ago,
Eyes of blue and hair of tow,
Cheeks as red as sunset skies,
Lighting up your laughing eyes,
How I loved you, did you know?
Little girl of Long Ago.

I was shy and modest then:
You were eight and I was ten;
You were far above me, far
As the distant shining star;
But I loved you, even so,
Little girl of Long Ago.

Little girl of Long Ago,
We are older, as you know;
Years have lengthened since we stood
In the meadow near the wood,
Where we quarreled, you and I,
O'er a trifle, foolishly;
And I left you, sobbing so,
Little girl of Long Ago.

Love has brought me home again;
We are more than eight and ten,
And my heart longs for you so
Little girl of Long Ago!
Here's the meadow and the wood;
Here's the very spot we stood:
Ah! what means that blushing brow,
Little girl of Here and Now!

—Joe Cone.

To My Pal

WHEN we were girl and boy together,
We tossed about the flowers
And wreathed the blushing hours
In a posy green and sweet.
I sought the youngest, best,
And never was at rest
Till I had laid them at thy fairy feet.
But the days of childhood they were fleet,
And the blooming sweet-briar-breathed
weather,
When we were boy and girl together.

Then we were lad and lass together,
And sought the kiss of night
Before we felt aright,
Sitting and singing soft and sweet.
The dearest thought of heart
With thee 'twas joy to part,
And the greater half was thine, as meet.
Still my eyelid's dewy, my veins they beat
At the starry summer-evening weather,
When we were lad and lass together.

—*Thomas Lovell Beddoes.*

YOUR comradeship is for eternity, my Pal; you are part of my being. If I swear to forget you, though we should part in anger, still something is there which cannot be taken away. You are mine. There was something unfinished about my life until I found you, and it can never be my life again without your share in it. Coming into it, you can never go out of it again.

—*Grace Berenice Cooper.*

To My Pal

THE human soul that crieth at thy gates,
Of man or woman, alien or akin,
'Tis thine own Self that for admission
waits—
Rise, let him in.

Bid not thy guest but sojourn and depart,
Keep him, if so it may be, till the end,
If thou have strength and purity of heart
To be his friend.

Not only, at bright morn, to wake his mind
With noble thoughts, and send him forth
with song;
Nor only, when night falls, his wounds to
bind;
But all day long

To help with love, with labor, and with lore,
To triumph when, by others' aid, he wins,
To carry all his sorrow's, and yet more—
To bear his sins;

To keep a second conscience in thine own,
Which suffers wound on wound, yet
strongly lives,
Which takes no bribe of tender look or tone,
And yet forgives.

—Constance Naden.

WE are ninety-nine times disappointed in
our beggarly selves for once that we
are disappointed in our friend.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

To My Pal

IN stormy splendor sinks the sun
Down to his haven of rest;
The golden purples change to dun,
The crimsons fade, day's course is run
At conquering night's behest.

So mused I, gazing toward the west;
Sad that the mournful day
Of storm such radiance left unblest,
Sad for the night not yet caressed
By any hopeful ray.

Till, where the great clouds darkest lay
There grows a broadening rift,
And there the first of heaven's array
Shines dim, then brighter, till away
The weary masses swift!

So shines for me thy starry gift,
The friendship I have won;
The years' black shadows light and lift,
The clouded sorrows sway and drift
Before its benison.

—*John Jarvis Holden.*

LOVE smote the lyre of life:
And there was sound of strife.
And chords with passion rife.
When Friendship spoke his word,
The lyre was softly stirred
To music as it heard.

—*Wallace Rice.*

To My Pal

ONE thing that represses the utterances of love is the shyness of the Anglo-Saxon blood. There is a powerlessness of utterance in us that we should fight against, and struggle outward toward expression. We can educate ourselves to it, if we know and feel the necessity; not only to love, but to be loving,—not only to be true friends, but to show ourselves friendly. We can make ourselves say the kind things that rise in our hearts and tremble back on our lips,—do the gentle and helpful deeds which we long to do and shrink back from; and, little by little, it will grow easier,—the love spoken will bring the answer of love,—the kind deed will bring back a kind deed in return.

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

SHE was fresh and she was fair,
Glossy was her golden hair;
Like a blue spot in the sky
Was her clear and loving eye.

He was true and he was bold,
Full of mirth as he could hold;
Through the world he broke his way
With jest and laugh and lightsome lay.

Love ye wisely, love ye well;
Challenge then the gates of Hell.
Love and truth can ride it out,
Come bridal song or battle shout.

—*Sir Henry Taylor.*

To My Pal

LITTLE Miss Blue Eyes opens the door,
‘Nobody’s in,’ says she.
Little Miss Blue Eyes has evermore
Stolen my heart from me.

Little Miss Blue Eyes stands at the door,
‘Will you come in?’ says she.
‘Papa’ll be back in an hour or more;—
Blue Eyes has seen through me.

Little Miss Blue Eyes opes her heart’s
door,
‘Nobody’s in,’ says she.
(Would I might venture that threshold o’er
Into its sanctity.)

Little Miss Blue Eyes, if you are kind,
Keep me not at the door;
Into your love, from the cold and wind,
Take me, dear, evermore.

Little Miss Blue Eyes stands at the door,
Archly smiling at me:
‘Papa’ll be back in an hour or more,
Come in and wait,’ says she.
—*Arthur Weir.*

FRIEND that sticketh closer than a
brother—eight years. Dashed slip of a
girl—eight weeks! And—where’s your
friend?
—*Rudyard Kipling.*

To My Pal

‘DIDN’T you like the party, dear, to-night?’

(Silence. She turns her head the other way.)

‘What have I done? Isn’t my tie on right?’

(No answer—but her eyes have things to say.)

‘Is it because I danced with Mrs. Chatt?’

‘Her husband made me, really.’ (She is dumb.)

‘Surely you can’t be jealous that I sat out with the silly Grimes girl?’ (She is mum.)

‘Well, I confess I ought to be accursed for talking shop at dinner.’ (She is mute.)

‘I’m sorry that I used the wrong fork first.’

(Her hush and nature’s hush are absolute.)

‘Oh, very well, then, since you’re bound to sneer,

I can fight, too, if quarreling’s such fun.’
She speaks, she smiles! ‘Why, I’m not angry, dear;

I merely wished to know what you had done.’

—Chester Firkins.

MY little wife’s a world too sweet
For such a man as I am:

To My Pal

But she's a Trojan—hard to beat
As Hector, son of Priam!

A winsome, willful morsel she:
Brought up to grace a palace.
She ran away to marry me—
Half love, half girlish malice.

She never has repented, though:
We built a cot in Jersey:
She wore delaine and calico,
And I wore tweed and kersey.

So great our love it bridged across
Whatever might divide us.
However went the gain or loss
We felt as rich as Midas.

I helped her with the brush and broom,
Her morning labors aiding:
She followed to the counting-room—
Made out the bills of lading;

And once, when sick of chills I lay,
She balanced up the pages;
Did all my work from day to day,
And brought home all my wages.

Yes; she's a Trojan! Hard to beat
As all the sons of Priam:
But, bless you! she's a world too sweet
For such a man as I am!

To My Pal

MY Friend wears a cheerful smile of his own,

And a musical tongue has he;

We sit and look in each other's face

And are very good company.

A heart he has, full warm and red

As ever a heart I see;

And as long as I keep true to him,

Why, he'll keep true to me.

His warm breath kisses my thin grey hair

And reddens my ashen cheeks;

He knows me better than you all know,

Though never a word he speaks—

Knows me as well as some had known

Were things—not as things be.

But hey, what matters? My Friend and I

Are capital company.

At dead of night, when the house is still,

He opens his pictures fair:

Faces that are, that used to be,

And faces that never were:

My wife sits sewing beside my hearth,

My little ones frolic wild,

Though—Lillian's married these twenty years,

And I never had a child.

But hey, what matters? when those who laugh

May weep to-morrow, and they

To My Pal

Who weep be as those that weep not—all
Their tears long wiped away.

I shall burn out, my Friend, like you,
With a bright heart warm and bold,
That flickers up at the last—then drops
Into quiet ashes cold.

—*Dinah Maria Mulock.*

SHUT in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed;
The house dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
A mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples spluttered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.
What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

To My Pal

THERE is no friend like the old friend,
 who has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage
 like his praise:
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy
 crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose, with
 sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love, that we
 courted in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and
 we're fading side by side,
There are blossoms all around us with the
 colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the
 day-star is withdrawn.

There are no friends like the old friends,—
 may Heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves,—God
 bless our loving wives!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

WHAT can be more encouraging than to
 find the friend who was welcome at
one age, still welcome at another?

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

THERE'S no pleasure like meeting an
 old friend, except, perhaps, making a
new one. —*Rudyard Kipling.*

To My Pal

WHILE the ruby coals in the dull grey
dust

Shine bright as the daylight dies;
When into our mouths our pipes are thrust,
And we watch the moon arise;
While the leaves, that crackle and hiss and
sigh,

Feed the flames with their scented oils,
In a calm content by the fire we lie,
And watch while the billy boils.

A desire for rest, a wash in the creek,
And a seasoned bit of clay,
With a pal who knoweth the time to speak,
And who singeth a jovial lay;
Though the rich lie soft, yet we sleep as
well

On our bed of the fragrant leaves;
And we're better than those who in man-
sions dwell
In this—that we have no thieves.

Some look on our lives as wasted; true,
And our views are the same as theirs—
At present we've scarcely enough to do;
They are worried with business cares.
We have elegant leisure and time for
thought—
Had we something to think about—
They have lots of wealth, and business
fraught
With a constant care and doubt.

—Keighley Goodchild.

To My Pal

THE spear-grass crackles under the billy
and overhead is the winter sun;
There's snow on the hills, there's frost in the
gully, that minds me of things I've seen
and done,
Of blokes that I knew, and mates that I've
worked with, and the sprees we had in
the days gone by;
And a mist comes up from my heart to my
eyelids, I feel fair sick and I wonder
why.

There is coves and coves! Some I liked
particler, and some I would sooner I
never knowed;
But a bloke can't choose the pals that he's
thrown with in the harvest paddock or
here on the road.
There was pals from the other side that I
shore with that I'd like to have taken
along for mates,
But we said 'So long!' and we laughed and
parted for good and all at the station
gates.

I mind the time when the snow was drifting
and Billy and me was out for the
night—
We lay in the lee of a rock and waited,
hungry and cold, for the morning light.
Then he went one way and I went another
—we'd been like brothers for half a
year;

To My Pal

He said: 'I'll see you again in town, pal,
and we'll blow the froth off a pint of
beer.'

The same with Harry, the pal I worked with
the time I was over upon the coast,
He went for a fly-round over to Sydney, to
stay for a fortnight—a month at most!
He never came back, and he never wrote me
—I wonder how blokes like him forget;
We had been where no one had been before
us, we had starved for days in the cold
and wet.

It sets me thinking the world seems wider,
for all we fancy it's middling small,
When a chap like me makes friends in
plenty and they slip away and he loses
them all—

The pals that I knowed and the mates I've
worked with, and the sprees we had in
the days gone by;
But I somehow fancy we'll all be pen-mates
on the day when they call the Roll of
the Sky. —*David McKee Wright.*

DID ever man have a better pal than a
good dog? or woman a more devoted
comrade than a good cat? And many a
man of fame has loved his friendly, harmless,
necessary cat and left words of affection
to prove it, just as many a woman has found
a dog her one unselfish lover through life.

To My Pal

THE Artist feeling for his type,
The rose may miss, the thorn may rue;
My dream is rounded with my pipe,
My pipe and You.

Renown's a shy and shifty snipe
That other guns to death may do;
I trudge along towards my pipe,
My pipe and You.

For all the Fruits of Time were ripe,
And all the Skies of Chance were blue,
If only I possessed my pipe,
My pipe and You.

—William Ernest Henley.

A STURDY fellow, with a sun-burnt face,
And thews and sinews of a giant mould;
A genial mind, that harbored nothing base—
A pocket void of gold.

The rival's years were fifty at the least—
Withered his skin, and wrinkled as a crone;
But day by day his worldly goods increased,
Till great his wealth had grown.

And she, the lady of this simple tale,
Was tall and straight, and beautiful to view;
Even a poet's burning words would fail
To paint her roseate hue.

To My Pal

The suitors came, the old one and the young,
Each with fond words her fancy to allure.
For which of them should marriage bells be
rung,
The rich one, or the poor?

She liked the young one with his winning
ways,
He seemed designed to be her future
mate—
Besides, in novels and romantic plays
Love has a youthful gait.

But well she knew that poverty was hard,
And humble household cares not meant
for her;
Nor cared she what the sentimental bard
Might warble or infer.

She made her choice, the wedding bells rang
clear;
The aged bridegroom figured in The
Times.
The young man, after some superfluous
beer,
Went forth to foreign climes.

And this is all I ever chanced to know,
Told by my mate while digging on the
Creek,
Who ended with his handsome face aglow,
And with a verse in Greek.

—Arthur Patchett Martin.

To My Pal

YOU ask me 'Why I like him?' Nay,
I cannot; nay, I would not, say.
I think it vile to pigeonhole
The pros and cons of a kindred soul.

You 'wonder he should be my friend.'
But then, why should you comprehend?
Thank God for this—a new—surprise:
My eyes, remember, are not your eyes.

Cherish this one small mystery;
And marvel not that love can be
'In spite of all his many flaws.'
In spite? Supposing I said 'Because.'

A truce, a truce to questioning:
'We two are friends' tells everything.
Yet if you must know, this is why:
Because he is he and I am I.

—*Edward Verrall Lucas.*

A HUNDRED years from now, dear heart,
We will not care at all.
It will not matter then a whit,
The honey or the gall.
The summer days that we have known
Will all forgotten be and flown;
The garden will be overgrown
Where now the roses fall.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We will not mind the pain.

To My Pal

The throbbing crimson tide of life
Will not have left a stain.
The song we sing together, dear,
Will mean no more than means a tear
Amid a summer rain.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
The grief will all be o'er;
The sea of care will surge in vain
Upon a careless shore.
These glasses we turn down to-day
Here at the parting of the way:
We will be wineless then as they,
And will not mind it more.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We'll neither know nor care
What came of all life's bitterness
Or followed love's despair.
Then fill the glasses up again
And kiss me through the rose-leaf rain;
We'll build one castle more in Spain
And dream one more dream there.

—John Bennett.

O WOMAN! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

—Sir Walter Scott.

To My Pal

A WIFE as tender, and as true withal,
As the first woman was before her
fall:

Made for the man, of whom she was a part;
Made to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.
A second Eve, but by no crime accursed;
As beauteous, not as brittle, as the first,
Had she been first, still Paradise had been,
And death had found no entrance by her
sin.

—John Dryden.

ONCE I was but a shipping clerk—
Of firm of Graves & Gartner—
Till, after long and weary work,
They took me in as partner,
And year on year went gayly round
While we grew rich and richer,
Until, in every spring we found,
We dipped a golden pitcher.
Then Gartner left, grown old and lame:
I bought him out completely;
Made wife a partner; changed the name
To Wheatly, Graves & Wheatly.

A silent partner? Not at all!
With genius more than Sapphic,
She improvised—that lady small—
The poetry of traffic;
And, flitting through our offices,
With work and smile admonished:

To My Pal

'We'll work no metamorphoses
To make a lie look honest.'
Meantime the business grew and grew
With not a cloud to daunten;
Till wife, who wanted tea like dew,
Sent me adrift for Canton.

No sooner was I well at sea
Than with a whirl insanic
Down came that flood of 'seventy-three
And shook the world with panic;
Then many a house as strong as life
Was caught and torn asunder,
Till Graves came trembling to my wife
And said, 'We're going under!'
Wife saw the gulf and kept her poise;
Disposed of plate and raiment,
Sold all her jewels (but the boy's),
And met the heaviest payment.

So Graves and she, with work and wit,
With care and self-denial,
Upheld the firm—established it
The surer for the trial;
Through all the strife they paid the hands
Full price—none saw them falter;
And now the house, rock-founded, stands
As steady as Gibraltar;
But wife keeps with us, guards us through
Like Miriam watching Moses;
She drinks her tea as pure as dew,
And sells it—fresh as roses!

To My Pal

GREEN heads, grey heads, join in
chorus,

All who can or cannot sing;
Put your hearts into your voices
Till we make the old house ring!
Let us swear by all that's kindly,
All the ties of old and young,
We will always know each other
As we've known each other long!

By our schoolboy freaks together,
In old days with mischief rife—
Fellowship when youth on pleasure
Flung away redundant life!
By bereavements mourned in common;
By the hopes, a flattering throng,
We have felt when home returning,
Parted from each other long!

By the fathers who before us,
Silver-haired together grew,
Who so long revered each other—
Let us swear to be as true!
Swear no selfish jealous feeling
E'er shall creep our ranks among,
E'er make strangers of the kinsmen
Who have known each other long!

—Alfred Domett.

ALL I ask of my pal is that he shall understand me: if he grants me understanding, he gives me a myriad gifts in one.

To My Pal

IN the closest of all relations—that of a love well founded and equally shared—speech is half discarded, like a roundabout infantile process or a ceremony of formal etiquettes; and the two communicate directly by their presences, and with few looks and fewer words contrive to share their good and evil and uphold each other's hearts in joy.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen,
Then fly for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down,
Come home and take your place there
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find a face there
You loved when you were young!

—*Charles Kingsley.*

THE great thing about having a pal is being one yourself.

—*George Shattuck.*

To My Pal

IN tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
With worthless old knicknacks and silly old books,
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bot-tomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,

Jo My Pal

I bless thee and love thee, old cane bot-tomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She's a scarf on her neck and a smile on her face!

A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there, and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;

Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bot-tomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the com-
pany's gone,

In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past, and revisits my room;

She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;

So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

—*William Makepeace Thackeray.*

To My Pal

POLISH? Not much, but who cares for that, if the heart be as true as steel, And the kindly eyes look straight into yours, with a look you can almost feel; And the voice rings true in its welcome, though the sound be a trifle gruff? If that's what you call rough manners, I own I prefer them rough.

There's many a nobleman, born and bred, with money in heaps to spend, And a mincing voice and a shiny hat, and manners and style no end; But I know that if they went missing I should feel pretty happy still, If I only could have another day and a shake of the hand with Bill.

—*Rudolph Chambers Lehmann.*

O WHERE would I be when my froat was dry?

O, where would I be when the bullets fly?

O, where would I be when I come to die?

Why,

Somewheres anigh my chum.

If 'e's in liquor, 'e'll give me some,

If I am dyin', 'e'll 'old my 'ead,

An' 'e'll write 'ome when I'm dead.—

Gawd send us a trusty chum!

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

DEATH, who friend from friend can part,

To My Pal

Brother rend from brother,
Shall but link us, heart and heart,
Closer to each other:
We will call his anger play,
Deem his dart a feather,
When we meet him on our way
Hand in hand together.

—*Winthrop Mackworth Praed.*

THE wind is loud this bleak December
night,
And moans like one forlorn at door and
pane;
But here within my chamber warm and
bright,
All household blessings reign.

And as I sit and smoke, my eager soul
Somewhat at times from out the Past will
win,
Whilst the light cloud wreathes upward
from the bowl,
That glows so red within.

Often in this dim world two boys I see,
Of ruddy cheek and open careless brow;
And one am I, my fond heart whispers me,
And one, dear Tom, art thou.

So in this odorous cloud full oft I see
Sweet forms of tender beauty; and a tone
Steals through the echoing halls of Memory,
That these are all my own.

To My Pal

GIVE me your hand, my brother: you
and I,
Two waifs sent wandering here, we know
not why,
Where days are dark and winds blow
through and through,
Have need each of the other.
Poor fools, we know not much!—if we but
knew
The secret singing of the earth, our
mother,
And whence the rose, and whither, we should
see
How I am part of you and you of me.
We only know we stumble more alone
Here where the suns too feeble and too few
On us have shone. . . .

Yet we have joy together, you and I:
We have this glimpse of field and flower and
sky,
And tender clinging touch of children's
hands,
And love, the one sure star.
Yea, trustful love that lightens lonely lands,
Yea, love that singeth like a lark afar.
What boon of striving? Nay, think what
you will,
For all our thinkings we are brothers still:
One earth, one blood, one birth, one lord,
the sun,
By tropic wastes or silent Northern strands,
Still bind us one. . . .

To My Pal

We have one goal together, you and I:
We hear one echo of a wailing cry
Incessant raised by sundered soul from
soul
Left lonely here as we.
And if a land beyond the clouds that roll
Or only sleep and dreamless dust there be,
We know not, O my brother! But the
dark
Lightens a little with this single spark
That with clasped hands and hearts we go
as one,
When through the dusk we hear the dim
bell toll
The day is done.

—Charles Edward Russell.

MARGARET! my cousin—nay, you
must not smile,
I love the homely and familiar phrase;
And I will call thee cousin Margaret,
However quaint amid the measured line,
The good old term appears. O, it looks ill
When delicate tongues disclaim old term of
kin,
Siring and madaming as civilly
As if the road between the heart and lips
Were such a weary and Laplandish way,
That the poor travelers came to the red
gates
Half frozen. Trust me, cousin Margaret,
For many a day my memory hath played

To My Pal

The creditor with me, on your account,
And made me shame, to think that I should
 owe

So long a debt of kindness. But in truth,
Like Christian on his pilgrimage, I bear
So heavy a pack of business, that albeit
I toil on mainly, in our twelve hours' race
Time leaves me distanced. Loath indeed
 were I

That for a moment you should lay to me
Unkind neglect: mine, Margaret, is a heart
That smokes not, yet methinks there should
 be some

Who know how warm it beats. I am not
 one

Who can play off my smiles and courtesies
To every lady of her lap-dog tired,
Who wants a plaything; I am no sworn
 friend

To half an hour, as apt to leave as love;
Mine are no mushroom feelings which
 spring up

At once without a seed and take no root,
Wiseliest distrusted. In a narrow sphere,
The little circle of domestic life,
I would be known and loved; the world be-
 yond

Is not for me. But, Margaret, sure I think
That you should know me well, for you
 and I

Grew up together, and when we look back
Upon old times our recollections paint

To My Pal

The same familiar faces. Did I wield
The wand of Merlin's magic I would make
Brave witchcraft. . . .

We might renew the days of infancy,
And life like a long childhood pass away
Without one care. It may be, Margaret,
That I shall yet be gathered to my friends;
For I am not one of those who live estranged
Of choice, till at the last they join their race
In the family vault. If so, I should lose,
Like my old friend the pilgrim, this huge
pack

So heavy on my shoulders, I and mine
Right pleasantly will end our pilgrimage.
If not, if I should never get beyond
This Vanity town, there is another world,
Where friends will meet. And often, Mar-
garet,

I gaze at night into the boundless sky,
And think that I shall there be born again,
The exalted native of some better star;
And, like the rude American, I hope
To find in Heaven the things I loved on
earth. —*Robert Southey*.

THREE are no rules for friendship. It
must be left to itself; we cannot force
it any more than love.—*William Hazlitt*.

IN kinsman, friend, of old was compre-
hended:
Give me one friend and hang up all my
kindred. —*John Eliot*.

To My Pal

THE long day's task is done at the setting of the sun,

And work no longer has me in its gripe;
So I sit here content with a mind on pleasure bent

With my pal and my pint and my pipe.

All day I plug along with a whistle or a song,

But friendship now the work-day slate can wipe,

And I can talk and joke, or take a drink and smoke

With my pal and my pint and my pipe.

My pal is good to see, easy-going and care-free,

A hearty fellow of the self-same stripe:
Sometimes I sit and chin, and sometimes I just grin

With my pal and my pint and my pipe.

As good a time as this I can't afford to miss—

An hour or so just when the day is ripe;
And I wish you all the glee that the evening brings to me

With my pal and my pint and my pipe.

—Alexander Maclean.

SEVEN years, seven happy, careless years

We sat together, you and I,

To My Pal

Knew the same hopes, the self-same fears,
Shared the same joys, shed the same tears,
And were companions utterly.

Now you are taken, I am left,
And more than years between us roll;
Yet am I not wholly bereft:
Too close our union to be cleft,
Too single not to be one soul.

A share of you lives on in me,
A share of me is lost to view;
Half of those seven years is free
Beyond this life, a half I see
Within my heart, still shared with you.

—Wallace Rice.

TWENTY years hence my eyes may
grow,
If not quite dim, yet rather so;
Yet yours from others they shall know,
Twenty years hence.

Twenty years hence, though it may hap
That I be called to take a nap
In a cool cell where thunderclap
Was never heard,

There breathe but o'er my arch of grass
A not too sadly sighed 'Alas!'
And I shall catch, ere you can pass,
That wingèd word.

—Walter Savage Landor.

To My Pal

I OWN a dog who is a gentleman.

By birth most surely, since the creature
can

Boast of a pedigree the like of which
Holds not a Howard or a Metternich.

By breeding. Since the walks of life he
trod,

He never wagged an unkind tail abroad,
He never snubbed a nameless cur because
Without a friend or credit-card he was.

By pride. He looks you squarely in the
face

Unshrinking and without a single trace
Of either diffidence or arrogant
Assertion such as upstarts often flaunt.

By tenderness. The littlest girl may tear
With absolute impunity his hair,
And pinch his silken, flowing ears the while
He smiles upon her—yes, I've seen him
smile.

By loyalty. No truer friend than he
Has come to prove his friendship's worth to
me.

He does not fear the master—knows no
fear—

But loves the man who is his master here.

By countenance. If there be nobler eyes,
More full of honor and of honesties,

To My Pal

In finer head, on broader shoulders found—
Then I have never met the man or hound.
Here is the motto on my life-boat's log:
'God grant I may be worthy of my dog!'

—Author Unknown.

HALF loving-kindliness, and half-disdain,
Thou comest to my call serenely suave,
With humming speech and gracious
gestures grave,
In salutation courtly and urbane:
Yet must I humble me thy grace to
gain—
For wiles may win thee, but no arts en-
slave,
And nowhere gladly thou abidest save
Where naught disturbs the concord of thy
reign.
Sphinx of my quiet hearth! who deign'st to
dwell
Friend of my toil, companion of mine
ease,
Thine is the lore of Ra and Rameses;
That men forget dost thou remember well,
Beholden still in blinking reveries,
With somber sea-green gaze inscrutable.

—Rosamund Marriott Watson.

A WOMAN can earn her pardon for a
good year of disobedience by a single
adroit submission.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

To My Pal

I'VE got a pal,
A reg'lar out-an'-outer;
She's a dear good old gal,
I'll tell you all about her:
It's many years since fust we met,
'Er 'air was then as black as jet;
It's whiter now, but she don't fret,
Not my old gal!

We've been together now for forty years,
An' it don't seem a day too much;
There ain't a lady livin' in the land
As I'd swop for my dear old Dutch!

I calls 'er Sal—
'Er proper name is Sairer,
An' yer may find a gal
As you'd consider fairer.
She ain't an angel—she can start
A jawin' till it makes you smart;
She's just a Woman, bless 'er 'eart,
Is my old gal!

Sweet fine old gal,
For worlds I wouldn't lose 'er;
She's a dear good old gal,
An' that's what made me choose 'er;
She's stuck to me through thick an' thin,
When luck was out, when luck was in—
Ah, what a wife to me she's been,
An' what a Pal!

—Albert Chevalier.

To My Pal

YOUR wedding ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers not a few, Since I put it on your finger first, have passed o'er me and you; And, love, what changes we have seen— what cares and pleasures, too, Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new!

O partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief is there For me you would not bravely face, with me you would not share? Oh, what a weary want had every day, if wanting you, Wanting the love that God made mine when this old ring was new!

The past is dear; its sweetesses our memories treasure yet; The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would not now forget; Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart still true, We'll share as we have shared all else since this old ring was new.

—William Cox Bennett.

HAPPINESS, at least, is not solitary; it joys to communicate; it loves others, for it depends on them for its existence; it sanctions and encourages to all delights.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

To My Pal

LONG enough have I lived and sought
 to know the value of things,
To know the gold from the tinsel, to judge
 the clowns from the kings;
Love have I known and been glad of, joys
 of the earth have been mine,
But to-day I give my thanks for a rarer
 gift and fine.

For the friendship of true women, Lord,
 that hath been since the world had
 breath,
Since a woman stood at a woman's side
 to comfort through birth and death.
You have made us a bond of mirth and
 tears to last for ever and ay—
For the friendship of true women, Lord,
 take you my thanks to-day.

Now much have I found to be glad of, much
 have I sorrowed for,
But naught is better to hear than foot of a
 friend at the door;
And naught is better to feel than the touch
 of a sister hand
That says, 'What are words between us—
 I know and may understand.'
For the friendship of true women,
 Lord, that hath lasted since time be-
 gan,
That is deeper far and finer far than the
 friendship of man to man;
For the tie of a kindred wonderful that

To My Pal

holds us as blood-bonds may—
For the friendship of true women, Lord,
take you my thanks to-day.

Many the joys I have welcomed, many the
joys that have passed,
But this is the good unfailing and this is
the peace that shall last;
From love that dies and love that lies and
love that must cling and sting
Back to the arms of our sisters we turn for
our comforting.
For the friendship of true women, Lord,
that hath been and shall ever be
Since a woman stood at a woman's side
at the Cross of Calvary;
For the tears we weep and the trusts we
keep and the self-same prayers we
pray—
For the friendship of true women, Lord,
take you my thanks to-day.

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

ENTREAT me not to leave thee, or to
return from following after thee: for
whither thou goest, I will go; and where
thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall
be my people, and thy God my God: where
thou diest, will I die, and there will I be
buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also,
if aught but death part thee and me.

—*The Book of Ruth.*

To My Pal

IN summer, when the days were long,
We walked, two friends, in field and
wood,

Our heart was light, our step was strong,
And life lay round us, fair as good,
In summer, when the days are long.

In summer, when the days are long,
We leapt the hedge-row, crossed the
brook;

And still her voice flowed forth in song,
Or else she read some graceful book,
In summer, when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not,
For loving seemed like breathing then;
We found a heaven in every spot,
Saw angels, too, in all good men,
And dreamt of gods in grove and grot.

In summer, when the days are long,
Alone I wander, muse alone;
I see her not, but that old song
Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In summer, when the days are long.

Alone I wander in the wood,
But one fair spirit hears my sighs;
And half I see the crimson hood,
The radiant hair, the calm glad eyes,
That charmed me in life's summer mood.

In summer, when the days are long,
I love her as I loved of old;

To My Pal

My heart is light, my step is strong,
For love brings back those hours of gold,
In summer, when the days are long.

—W. M. W. Call.

SHE is so winsome and so wise
She sways us at her will,
And oft the question will arise
What mission does she fill?
And so I say, with pride untold
And love beyond degree,
This woman with a heart of gold,
She just keeps house for me.

A full content dwells in her face,
She's quite in love with life,
And for a title wears with grace
The sweet old-fashioned 'Wife.'

What though I toil from morn till night,
What though I weary grow,
A spring of love and dear delight
Doth ever softly flow.

Our children climb upon her knee
And lie upon her breast,
And ah! her mission seems to me
The highest and the best.—
And so I say, with pride untold
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold,
She just keeps house for me.

—Jean Blewett.

To My Pal

'TWAS beyond at Macreddin, at Owen
Doyle's weddin',

The boys got the pair of us out for a reel.
Says I, 'Boys, excuse us.' Says they,
'Don't refuse us.'

'I'll play nice and aisy,' says Larry
O'Neill.

So off we went trippin' it, up an' down step-
pin' it—

Herself and Myself on the back of the
doore;

Till Molly—God bless her!—fell into the
dresser,

And I tumbled over a child on the
floore.

Says Herself to Myself, 'We're good as
the best o' them.'

Says Myself to Herself, 'Sure, we're
betther than gold.'

Says Herself to Myself, 'We're as young
as the rest o' them.'

Says Myself to Herself, 'Troth, we'll
never grow old.'

As down the lane goin', I felt my heart
growin'

As young as it was forty-five years ago.
'Twas here in this boreen I first kissed my
stoireen—

A sweet little colleen with skin like the
snow.

I looked at my woman—a song she was
hummin'

To My Pal

As old as the hills, so I gave her a pogue;
'Twas like our old courtin', half serious, half sportin',
When Molly was young, an' when hoops were in vogue.
When she'd say to Myself, 'You can coort with the best o' them.'
When I'd say to Herself, 'Sure, I'm better than gold.'
When she'd say to Myself, 'You're as wild as the rest o' them.'
And I'd say to Herself, 'Troth, I'm time enough old.'

—*Patrick Joseph McCall.*

THE road slopes on that leads us to the last,

And we two tread it softly, side by side;
'Tis a blithe count the milestones we have passed,
Step fitting step, and each of us for guide.

My love, and I thy love, our road is fair,
And fairest most because the other's there:
Our road is fair, adown the harvest hill,
But fairest that we two are we two still.

We two, we two! the children's smiles are dear:

Thank God how dear the bonny children's smiles—

But 'tis we two among our own ones here,

To My Pal

We two along life's way through all the
whiles.
To think if we had passed each other by;
And he not he apart, and I not I!
And oh to think if we had never known;
And I not I and he not he alone!
—*Augusta Webster.*

TWO lovers by a moss-grown spring:
They leaned soft cheeks together
there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time!
O love's blest prime!

Two wedded from the portal stepped:
The bells made happy carollings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
White petals on the pathway slept.
O pure-eyed bride!
O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent:
Two hands above the head were locked;
These pressed each other while they
rocked,
Those watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour!
O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire:
The red light fell about their knees

To My Pal

On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily spire.
O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there,
The red light shone about their knees;
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left that lonely pair.
O voyage fast!
O vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor,
And made the space between them wide;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said, "Once
more!"
O memories!
O past that is!

—George Eliot.

BETTER trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust, and that de-
ceiving,
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this doubting world, too fast
The doubting fiend o'er takes our youth!
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

—Frances Anne Kemble.

To My Pal

CHRISTMAS is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without
Sheltered about
The mahogany tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang in its bloom;
Night-birds are we;
Here we carouse,
Singing like them,
Perched around the stem
Of the jolly old tree,

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit,—
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short,—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,

To My Pal

Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals;
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup.—
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree!

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn
Blue-devil sprite;
Leave us to-night
Round the old tree!

—*William Makepeace Thackeray.*
‘*The Mahogany Tree.*’

To My Pal

WE have no money, little Pal, you say?—
It's true enough. We've none to
pay

Our pressing bills, and credit's under par;
Yet—many joyous things there are.

The skies are blue and shining every morn
And every day new hope is born,
And every night there twinkles out our
star;

Yes—many joyous things there are.

But these buy less than nothing, you re-
peat?—

Ah, true enough, yet are they sweet!
O little Pal, forget that coin's afar
When many joyous things there are.

And every day, poor Pal, you scrape and
pinch

And work an ell to save an inch?—

Poor Pal, I know it starts a family jar;
Still—many joyous things there are.

Take cheer, dear Pal, some day the tide will
turn;

Money there'll be some day—to burn!

Just being broke can never leave a scar
So many joyous things there are.

Ah, here's my smile and kiss at last! These
shall

Light every gloom for us, dear Pal:

To My Pal

Such love as ours displaces every bar
To all the joyous things there are.

—Alexander MacLean.

SHE gave her life to love. She never knew

What other women give their all to gain.
Others were fickle. She was passing true.

She gave pure love, and faith without a stain.

She never married. Suitors came and went:

The dark eyes flashed their love on one alone.

Her life was passed in quiet and content.

The old love reigned. No rival shared the throne.

Think you her life was wasted? Vale and hill

Blossomed in summer, and white winter came:

The blue ice stiffened on the silenced rill:

All times and seasons found her still the same.

Her heart was full of sweetness to the end.

What once she gave, she never took away.
Through all her youth she loved one faithful friend:

She loves him now her hair is growing grey.

—George Barlow.

Jo My Pal

YOU talk about some maiden fair
With alabaster brow
Her face like snowdrifts soft and rare—
As poets oft allow;
Your parian, pentelic maid—
Admire her, ye who can!
My choice is for a darker shade,
The girl of healthy tan.

The neck they liken to the swan,
The goose has, quite as true;
The maid with ivory forehead wan
May have a blockhead, too;
But nut-brown damsels are the thing
For me or any man;
The summer girl's the one I sing,
The girl with wholesome tan!

The snow-white pallor some desire
Cold hands and feet foretell;
The marble brows they so admire
Mean marble hearts as well;
Give me the warm, fresh blood that flows
On nature's freest plan,
The jolly pal whose friendship glows,
The girl with summer tan!

—John Jarvis Holden.

WHEN my turn comes, dear shipmates
all,
Oh, do not weep for me;
Wrap me up in a hammock tight,
And put me into the sea;

To My Pal

For it's no good weeping
When a shipmate's sleeping,
And the long watch keeping
At the bottom of the sea.

But think of me sometimes and say:

‘He did his duty right,
And strove the best he knew to please
His captain in the fight’;
But it's no use weeping
When a shipmate's sleeping,
And the long watch keeping
Through the long, long night.

And let my epitaph be these words:

‘Cleared for this port, alone,
A craft that was staunch, and sound, and
true—
Destination unknown’;
And there's no good weeping
When a shipmate's sleeping,
And the long watch keeping
All alone, all alone.

And mark this well, my shipmates dear
Alone the long night through,
Up there in the darkness behind the stars
I'll look out sharp for you;
So, there's no good weeping
When a shipmate's sleeping,
And the long watch keeping
All the long night through.

—*Barrett Eastman.*

To My Pal

IT'S we two, it's we two, it's we two for
ay,

All the world and we two, and Heaven be
our stay.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny
bride!

All the world was Adam once, with Eve by
his side.

What's the world, my lass, my love!—what
can it do?

I am thine, and thou art mine; life is sweet
and new.

If the world have missed the mark, let it
stand by;

For we two have gotten leave, and once
more we'll try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny
bride!

It's we two, it's we two, happy side by side.
Take a kiss from me, thy man; now the
song begins:

'All is made afresh for us, and the brave
heart wins.'

When the darker days come, and no sun
will shine,

Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry
thine.

It's we two, it's we two, while the world's
away,

To My Pal

Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding day.
—Jean Ingelow.

CURSED is he who doth disclose
The converse held beneath the rose!

When friend meets friend, salute the sign,
And toast it well in ale or wine.

The world may seek to pry within;
May swear you do a secret sin;

But shun them for their taunts and jeers,
And hate them for their itching ears!

Believe me, it is Heaven to blend
In faith with a familiar friend.

—Charles Dalmon.

WHEN at the last, the earthly end,
Grey Death his final peace shall
send,
I shall not part from you, my friend.

I shall but pass to such a place
As this world is, when for a space
Affection shines upon your face.

I go where friendship is aglow,
Where love is all we need to know;
And you will come where I shall go.

—Wallace Rice.









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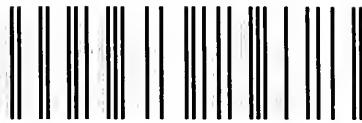
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